

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

EARLY one Sunday morning, as a clergyman was passing by a mean looking cottage, he saw the poor man who lived there, sawing wood. He stopped, and asked him why he had not sawed his wood during the week, so that he might have Sunday for a day of rest.

"I saw my wood to-day," replied the poor man, "because I am never at home on week-days; I have so large a family, that it takes all my earnings to support them. The place where I work is at a considerable distance, and when I come home, I am too tired to saw wood, or do anything. I have nothing but what I can earn from day to day, and the winter is very severe, and I cannot get enough to make all comfortable: besides, I could not go to church in these clothes, and I have none better."

The clergyman then observed how miserably the poor fellow was clothed. "Come with me," he said, and he carried him home, gave him from his own scanty

wardrobe a decent suit of clothes, invited him to go to church with him, and promised him that he would see his wood sawed for him, the next day.

The poor man went to church, and his faith was strengthened, and his heart was cheered, by the words that he heard from this true servant of God.

The next day he went as usual to his labor, wondering whether he should find his wood sawed for his family, when he returned home. Did the Christian minister forget his promise? or did he send some one to saw the poor man's wood? No, he was too poor to do the last, and too rich in good works to do the first. He went himself, and sawed wood enough to last the poor man's family for more than a week.

Was he not a true Christian minister? and may we not all follow his example?

I once visited a poor, miserable dwelling, where I heard a very bad man, using wicked and cruel language to his wife, who was confined to her bed by illness: it was fearful to see and hear him; and I am sorry to say, I had not the courage to speak to him—I actually trembled with horror and dread. But a little girl about eleven years of age, and who was dying of a consumption, went up to the angry man, and laid her small, emaciated, thin hand upon his arm, and looked right up in his face, and said, “Father, don't speak so, God hears all we say, pray don't speak so, father.” She uttered these few words with such tender earnestness, and such loving gentleness, that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man, and he was silent for a moment, and then he said, “I will do anything that child tells me to do, for she's an angel.” His fierce nature was subdued; goodness and love had made this little sick girl one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

Go with me now to that small gloomy room, and see sitting in one corner of it, a poor sick-looking boy ; there is a pair of crutches on the floor by his side ; his face is too thoughtful for one so young ; tears are running slowly down his cheeks as he is looking into the fire, so sadly, so unconsciously. His mother is so busy at her work she does not see his tears. Presently a bright, healthy-looking boy comes singing and laughing into the room ; his cheeks are rosy, and his step is full of joy. "Why James," said the lame boy, "I thought you had gone with all the other boys skating this moonlight evening." "No," said James, "I have come to play with you ; come, where's the backgammon-board ? I shall beat you well to-night, to make up for the drubbing you gave me the last time we played."

"Oh, how glad I am !" said the poor prisoner. Now look at his pleasant face ; his tears are dried up ; he is as merry as his friend. The room no longer seems small and gloomy, for the laughter of innocent and happy hearts can make any place seem bright and joyful ;—

The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees ;

and before the light of love, narrow walls seem to melt away, and a boundless heaven to open upon us.—These are true stories I have told. Let us thank God, for all the faithful ministers of his truth and love, that we have ever known, and who have been the dispensers of his goodness to us ; but let us remember to go and do likewise, and that each one of us may be, and ought to be, in his or her humble sphere, a minister of His love to whoever needs any help that we can give.

And who is there so weak that he cannot help some one ? Who is so very poor that he can do no good to

any one? Like the poor minister, he can perhaps give his time and his labor to the poor; like the heavenly minded little girl, he can give such an example of patient gentle goodness that his small hand and feeble voice may perhaps have the power to control the fierce passions of the wicked, with whom he may be forced to associate. Like the loving happy boy, he may cheerfully resign some of his merry play hours to the poor lonely sufferer who seems to be forgotten by all, and left to weep alone in this wide, happy world; and by carrying to him the fresh, overflowing joy of his own heart, may chase away his gloom,

And make a wintry sky
Seem bright as early May.

Thus may we all be imitators of Him who came into this world not to be ministered to, but to minister.

E. L. F.

I'VE NO INFLUENCE.

WHAT if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky"?

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone,
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower—
And every ray of light, to warm
And beautify the flower?

—*Southern Churchman.*

THE HISTORY OF THE FROG.

PARTLY EXTRACTED FROM THE GERMAN OF WIESSE.

UPON a beautiful morning in June I accepted the invitation of a friend to pass the day in the country, and, with my two children, Charles and Louisa, walked out to the pleasant rural seat of Madam S., about four miles from the city. This country residence enclosed in a small space many, and various beauties. These consisted in forest trees, placed with so much judgment as to represent natural groves; flower gardens, so sheltered and tended, that they were always fresh and beautiful. A small pond and a brook that fed, and flowed from it; sometimes winding through the meadows, sometimes flowing into little retired nooks, and sometimes spreading through the lawn in tranquil beauty, so that the trees were reflected in broken shadows within it.

The delight of my children, who rarely visited the country, may be imagined, when early in the morning I called them to accompany me upon this excursion. I had scarcely entered the gate, when they vanished from my sight, and very soon there was no charming spot in the whole circle of the place, that they had not found out and visited.

Charles and Louisa were of the ages of six, and eight, and on account of their youth they were soon tired, after visiting every spot of the beautiful country seat they had entered. At first they ran to a grove of trees, threw themselves upon the grass, and observed the shadows of the trees as they flickered in the sunlight; then they ran into the garden and plucked every gaudy flower that by

its gay colors caught their attention ; then, for a moment, they would listen to the song of the birds, or pause on the margin of the pond to throw pebbles into its smooth mirror, and observe the broken waves as they reflected their own persons, or spread out in extended circles.

At last, wearied by the variety of their pleasures, they sat down upon a bench under the shade of the trees, near the little pond, where their father and Madam S. soon joined them. There they listened to the songs of the birds, which however were sometimes interrupted by the loud and discordant note of the frog, that unconsciously broke in upon the harmony. "I wish," said Madam S., "some holy man, some saint like St. Anthony, would come again, and command these frogs to be silent." Perhaps our young readers are not acquainted with the story or the fable—that when St. Anthony, one of the first of the holy men, preached the gospel to the heathen, the fishes and frogs were silent from awe and reverence." I answered, "That so far from wishing the frog to be silent in the harmony of nature, I should miss his discordant note ; and the country where it was unheard, and unknown, would be to me the *true* desert. That where their call is mingled with the song of birds, the hum and buz of insects, the lowing of the herds, the jubilee of the bobo'link which alone fills every hour with harmony and makes nature seem full of life ; then when, in their pauses, the croak of the frog is heard, I remember the words of the psalm, 'All that have breath shall praise the Lord.'"

While we were talking, little Louisa came running toward us with her apron held up before her, filled, as we thought with wild flowers. But with a glad and innocent face she shook from it into Madam S.'s lap, more than a dozen

little pale and struggling frogs. We laughed; but Madam S. sprang from her seat and shrieked with terror and disgust. Louisa had never thought that any one could be terrified at this little harmless creature; as I had always taught my children to regard all such animals, spiders, mice, frogs, bats, etc., without disgust or fear; Louisa received, however, a severe reproof for her want of consideration and regard to the feelings of others in not recollecting that others might not, like herself, be free from this fear or aversion. After some time, when Madam S. had become composed, I said "The frogs, as if conscious of our interest in them, have drawn so near to us that I will tell you, my children, if you will listen, a little of their history. In this country* there are three species of the frog: the *brown grass frog*; the *green water frog*; and the *leap, or tree frog*. As soon as the April sun has melted the ice and snow, they come out from their warm lurking corners. The male frog is like this, of a greyish white color, the female of a beautiful yellow, sprinkled with brown and red spots. In the race of frogs, the female is endowed with superior beauty."

"But papa," said Louisa, "I have often seen frogs of other and different colors." "True, the upper part of the frog changes its color very frequently, for, instead of removing the skin like some other animals, they throw off every eight days a slime-like covering.

"The spawn of the frog consists of eggs, that look like little dark balls surrounded with a white transparent jelly; this may be compared to the white of an egg, and the little dark balls in the centre to the yolk. Immediately after the egg is laid, it falls to the bottom of the water; but soon the white begins to spread more and more, and

* That is, in Europe.

at length becomes so light as to rise to the surface of the water. In ponds, this apparent jelly from which the frog is formed, may often be seen floating upon the water, or hanging upon water plants.

“The time occupied from the production of the egg to the full grown, perfect frog, is a quarter of a year: from the beginning of April to the end of June. ‘It is wonderful,’ says an accomplished naturalist who had studied them carefully, ‘to remark from day to day the growth of these lowly creatures. They are at first an almost invisible and formless worm; then, without care of their own, they become like a very small fish, and they are furnished with fringed threads to attach themselves, when they cannot support their own weight, to water plants and weeds; afterwards, when these are no longer requisite, they lose, or are deprived of them. The next change is, that the head becomes large, like the largest part of an egg-shaped body, and is followed by a pointed tail; after a while, nature furnishes them with hind feet, and when the other parts are completely formed, they lose their tail.’ ”

There was a smile upon the faces of the children when they heard of the frog losing its tail. Let us not indulge in the smallest disposition to ridicule, I said, for the most wonderful part of these changes is, that they are arranged by Providence, to enable the animal to adapt itself to its food. In their first element, the water, they feed upon water weeds, and the leaves of water plants, but as soon as their growth enables them to find their food upon the land, this water food disgusts them, and they live wholly upon the worms and insects that nature points out to them. They do not return to the ponds where they were born, but remain in swampy places, and

are sometimes seen in myriads, especially towards evening, springing and hopping about in every direction. In the day time they keep themselves wholly retired, hermit-like, under the sheltering grass, solitary anchorites, but after a warm rain or a sudden shower, they come out in such numbers that one can scarcely walk without treading upon them. "Ah!" said Charles, "this is the reason that we talk of raining frogs, and some people really believe that it sometimes rains, instead of water, small frogs; but it is not true; I have been exposed to the severest showers, but I never had a frog drop upon my nose."

Notwithstanding the pleasantry of my children, I continued my lecture. "When the nights in the beginning of autumn begin to be very cold, these prudent and domestic frogs retire to their lurking holes, in the margin of ponds, and do not venture out again till the next April. They grow till their fourth year, when they begin to lay eggs. They sometimes live to the age of twelve years; but those may be considered fortunate, or unfortunate who attain this age, as their enemies (putting aside man as their great enemy) consist of birds, fishes, reptiles, and, as some naturalists assert, their own species. The frog is accustomed to wait for, rather than to seek its food. He sits therefore watching and immovable, till an incautious insect in pursuit of its pleasure passes so near that he can thrust out his tongue and draw it quickly into his mouth. For the purpose of thus easily providing its food, the tongue of the frog is not placed in the back of the mouth, but in the *fore part*, under the front jaw, so that it may be easily thrust out to secure the food upon which the frog subsists. How wonderfully, even in lowly creatures, is every organ adapted for their preserva-

tion and happiness ; but in the frog, as we are permitted to remark, how wisely is every accident, if we may so speak, provided for. The protuberant out-standing eyes of the frog, *invite* it to see as well behind as before, and its feet are so formed that it can either swim upon the water, or spring upon the land. In this particular it differs from the toad, whose color and general appearance is like that of the frog. The frog sits like a greyhound upon its hind legs, while the toad draws its limbs together and grovels in the earth. The frog is rather a noble animal, inviting the confidence of man, warning him of rain and of storms,* while the toad, although according to Shakspeare he wears a jewel in his head, is always regarded, however unjustly, with aversion. E. L.

WHAT SHALL WE TAKE WITH US TO HEAVEN?

I RECOLLECT once giving a little boy some pretty thing as he lay in his crib, where he had been ill for some days : he looked at it for some time with great delight, and then shut his little hand down upon it, and said, "I mean to keep this beautiful thing as long as I live, and when I die I mean to take it to heaven with me." I did not say to him, you cannot carry it to heaven, for I knew it would nearly break his heart to tell him so, and it would not have been telling him the whole truth. This little boy was not then old enough to understand how it is that all true joys we have here, go with us to heaven. If I had said, no, you cannot take that pretty thing to heaven, you must leave it here when you die, he would have felt very

* *The weather frog*, which predicts the changes in the atmosphere.

sad, and believed that death took away from him all his pleasures, and then he would have believed what was not true; for all our true pleasures live with us in the mind, and the mind never dies. The delight this little boy took, in the pretty thing he clasped so closely in his hand, was in his own mind, it was there ready, when he grew older to take delight in other things more beautiful than his plaything. This love of the beautiful which God has given us, we shall, no doubt, take with us when we leave this world for another one, where God is present, as he is here.

Now, is it not a good thing to ask ourselves, what we should like to take with us to heaven, and endeavor to obtain, and keep these. What is it that we should not like to part with when we come into the presence of angels? The love of the beautiful, is certainly one thing, for there, we shall be admitted to far more beautiful objects than any our eyes behold here, and we shall wish to be able to enjoy them. Then the love of friends is another, which we should want to take with us, for there we shall see those again who left us weeping on the earth. How will the child spring to the arms of his father and mother on whose bosom he laid his head and confessed his faults, and received the kiss of forgiveness; how will the brother clasp again to his heart the dear sister who left his side when they were playmates together; how will the friend rejoice to meet the friend with whom he had pleasant walks, and with whom he had joined in works of charity. And with what unspeakable joy will sorrowing parents see again those dear ones whom they would have died to save from wrong and suffering. Then the love of right; that key to the gate of heaven which opens to us all the joys that this love brings to us; this surely will not leave us when we die. Without the

love of right, we cannot expect to be admitted into the presence of the good ; without this, we cannot hope to stand before that being who is perfection and whose name is, Love.

We see then, that the love of the beautiful, the love of friends, and the love of right, are those things which we shall want to hold closely to our hearts, and then, when we lie upon our last couch we can say, we will take them with us to heaven.

S. C. C.

THE NECKLACE.

In a little hut on the borders of a lonely wood lived a good woman who was very poor. Her husband was an industrious, kind-hearted man, who supported her and her little ones, by cutting wood in the neighboring forest. He had brought them away from all their friends to this wilderness, and he did not think it enough to earn their bread ; he was led to make them as cheerful and bright as they could have been elsewhere. Though his axe was heard from sunrise to latest evening, he never came home dull and weary, but was always ready to invent and join in new sports. He had brought a flageolet—once heard in very different scenes—and the children were never tired of listening to it, especially, when their mother, borne on by a tide of remembrances, joined and sang, as all who touch us must sing, with all her heart. Sometimes a lively strain called them to the dance ; and when weary of these, he had tales for their eager ears—long stories of what he had seen in his travels, of all strange people, countries and animals, and of his childish sports and home. His memory seemed in-

exhaustible, and certainly his kindness was too, and his children reposed on it, as on a blessing unfailingly theirs.

In the morning his two boys jumped into the empty cart, and drove off to pass the day with him in the woods, and amid all his hard labor, he amused and interested them. For want of other companions he spoke his thoughts aloud to them. They watched him bring down the mighty trunks, and celebrated his triumph by clambering over the branches, and scaling the slender top which had lately waved so high. Many happy hours they passed thus ; sometimes picking flowers and berries, weaving willow baskets, making birch canoes or sailing them on the little stream which watered the wood. At noon there was a cry of joy when Jessie, their eldest sister brought the dinner, and sometimes the younger children came also and passed the afternoon.

But one day a tree, falling sooner than he expected, crushed the poor woodman so terribly that he could not live. He charged his children to help their mother and to love one another ; to be brave in all things, especially in acknowledging a fault, and to find more pleasure in putting down a temptation than in yielding to it. He bore his dreadful suffering patiently, for he had inured himself to pain, and died after bidding his wife and children a cheerful farewell.

The poor woman was almost beside herself at this grievous loss. She knew not how to get bread and clothes for her little ones. She had no neighbors and there was no one to help them. She had only her plot of ground for vegetables, her cow and her spinning wheel. She received very little money for her spinning, so that she had to work all the more industriously. She told the children that her time was worth more than theirs

and they must help her, that she might keep her wheel going all the time. John and Tom must bring in the sticks, and make the fire, feed the cow and work in the garden, and Jessie must take care of Madge and Bessie, get the breakfast, and do all she could for her brothers.

It was a sad change for the two little boys to have the cart sold, which had so often carried them to the woods, and to stay all the time in one spot, working hard and having very little time to play. But they felt rewarded by their mother's grateful looks, and they really had no time for regrets. They missed their father most, when they drew round the fire in the winter evenings, and their mother proposed that Jessie should read some tales.

Jessie was nine years old, and had taken great pains to learn; indeed, she was more fond of her book than of anything, and her mother had often to remind her that obligingness and affection were better than learning. For Jessie thought it a great hardship to leave her book to run to the brook for a pail of water, or to the garden for potatoes, or to look for sticks in the thicket; and she would often frown and toss her head, and speak crossly to the others when she did not like to mind her mother. But now she had no time in the day to read; she saw how sad and troubled her mother felt, and she did all that she could to help her. She became very ready and industrious, and began to know the pleasure of helping others. But there was one of her faults which grew worse instead of better; when she was busy for her mother she did not like to have the children interrupt her, and if they asked her to do them a kindness, she was impatient and cross. Her mother was sorry for this, and once, when Bessie, the baby, had been sick, she told

Jessie how much she had feared she should lose her, and how glad she was her little cheerful face was to be among them again. She said that Bessie was still very weak, and would need the kindest nursing before she could get strong again. Jessie's conscience smote her as she looked at her helpless sister, and thought how often she had disregarded her little troubles and complaints. She kissed her tenderly, and resolved always in future to prefer her pleasure and wishes to her own.

For a short time her pale face was a silent rebuke to Jessie, and she kept her resolution; but as Bessie grew stronger, Jessie was less willing to leave her pursuits to amuse her. Still her feelings continued warmer, and she often said to her mother that she wished she could give Bessie some token of her love. Her mother told her that by giving her time and love to Bessie she made her happier than by the most splendid presents, as she might see by the delight Bessie took in her company.

One afternoon Jessie took them all out to gather berries, and was very disinterested and kind to them. She helped them fill their baskets and gave them all her large berries, and she felt very cheerful and contented with herself, and her happy mood had communicated itself to them; there had been no quarrelling, no tears. They had rambled along the bank of the brook for some distance, when Jessie spied a bush covered with shining red berries. She had never seen such before, and called her brothers to help her reach them. The boys held down the branch while Jessie picked a handful of the berries. John thought that which looked so handsome must be pleasant to the taste, and thrusting one into his mouth, bit it eagerly, but as soon cast it out again, exclaiming that it choked him. Jessie broke one and

found it full of hard seeds wrapped in a woolly substance. They were disappointed that such pretty things were so unpleasant to the taste, and the boys were moving off without paying them the least attention, but Jessie thought she should like to keep them, and begged them to help her gather more. To please her they consented, and the bush was soon stripped of its gay ornaments safe in Jessie's basket.

As they strolled on she revolved in her own mind what she could do with these pretty things; and she remembered that in a carriage which once passed their door, was a child with a string of something round its neck, which looked very like these. As soon as she had established Madge and Bessie under a barberry bush, she gathered some stems of grass, and forcing them through the berries, was pleased to find that they looked very much like the stranger's necklace. She had time to string them all and hang them round her neck before she was missed, and her appearance in the midst of the circle caused a pause and a stare of admiration. Not one dreamed of touching or of asking for it, till little Bessie, emboldened by the kindness lately shown her, advanced and laid her hand on it. This not succeeding she looked beseechingly in Jessie's face, and in dumb show entreated for the plaything. Jessie, charmed with her new finery, at first repulsed the little girl, but suddenly recalling her ardent wishes of the night before, that she had something worth giving to Bessie, she thought that now was the time to prove her sincerity. She took it off and admired the color and polish of the berries; she thought how soon Bessie would tire of them and break them, "I may never find another—'tis a pity she should destroy it," and she looked at Bessie, who, in the

same beseeching attitude, waited to have her claim allowed.

"But it will please you now extremely, will it not dear; and I will try to like to see it round your neck as well as having it myself."

So saying with a firm gesture she threw it over the little girl's head, and kissing her, told her to take care of it, then looking resolutely away, she ran off among the bushes and began to pick for Madge and the boys as fast as she could. The bushes bent under their burden and many a heaped basketful they bore to their mother that night. When they turned toward home, Bessie's was the only unfilled basket; she had been playing so busily with her beads that she had forgotten the barberries.

But the necklace—the beautiful necklace—was nowhere to be found. They searched among all the bushes, and wherever Bessie could have strayed. Bessie's grief was unbounded, and Jessie half regretted that she had made her happy for an hour by so great a sacrifice. But she did not utter her feelings, and taking Bessie by the hand promised her the next she should find.

When they described the lost treasure to their mother, she thought they were the berries of the sweet briar, and promised to go with them next summer and show them the flower.

A few years after, when Jessie, after many struggles, had learned to prefer her sister's happiness to her own, one summer's day they took their mother to the place, and, just rising above the tall grass, grew a cluster of young sweet briars. From the necklace had sprung a blooming fragrant garland, waving as if to commemorate the good deed of the little girl.

THE PARTY OF PLEASURE ;

OR,

THE DROWNED BOYS.

THE translator of the following tale from the German of Goethe, hesitated at first whether to call it, "The Party of Pleasure," or, "The Drowned Boys," but at length preferred to give both titles, and thus place side by side events which in actual life, are often mournfully coupled together.

Very many of our prettiest New England villages, either lie upon the border of picturesque rivers, or are divided by them ; and the same stream which winds along through marsh and meadow in a silver thread of placid beauty, furnishes food, occupation and amusement for the inhabitants of every age and condition. Soon after the icy fetters of winter are unbound, delicious fishes begin to ascend the tide waters from the ocean. The fisherman rises in the silence of midnight—lights gleam across the water and the seine is curiously stretched from bank to bank, to intercept the emigrants from the great deep. At dawn of day, young voices are heard full of mirthful glee, and every brook and stream which ministers to the larger one, is lashed and scooped by busy urchins in search of the savory smelt. Off go boots and socks, and regardless of the cold, the miniature men are seen wading above their knees, in eager pursuit of the finny game. As the day advances, the smooth river re-echoes to the vigorous hammer of the ship-builder, who erects upon its bank the huge fabric, which is to go down to the mighty deep, and traverse every sea. When so far completed that the day of its launching has arrived,

long hours before this important event can be accomplished, the mustering commences. The stars and stripes float high above its prow, and idle boys and sauntering men begin to walk around it. As the appointed hour draws nearer, new reinforcements of laborers are gathered, and the hammers are flying unceasingly. The bidden guests of the master builder arrive from other towns; the wealthy merchant, at whose expense the vast mass has been compacted, makes his appearance from the neighboring city; the mothers, wives and sisters of the workmen hurry to the river-side; the citizens, in good-natured sympathy, turn aside from their common employments to be present at the spectacle; and the busy hum of the schools is interrupted for half an hour, to permit the eager children to contribute their joyful "hurrah," to the excitement of the occasion. A pause of anxious expectation ensues, when the last operation of the workmen—the knocking away of what is called the *after-block* has been performed. Then the stately vessel begins to descend into the watery element, at first scarcely seeming to move at all, but gathering speed as she advances, until the calm glassy stream is tossed from its lowest depths in whitening foam, and deafening huzzas accompany her progress. All then is over—this most beautiful and animating spectacle of human skill endures but for a moment. The wayfarers through the village, who had paused upon their course to witness the show, resume their journey; the crowd disperses, and the ordinary quiet returns, until a recurrence of the same event revives the same lively interest and pleasure.

But the beautiful river produces other and very different scenes from these. In the sultry warmth of summer, its inviting coolness presents an irresistible temptation to

the weary laborer and heated child to seek refreshment, cleanliness and invigorating exercise, beneath its smiling surface. The unwary bather, ignorant of the art of swimming, in an evil moment proceeds one step too far; confused by terror, he continues to advance, instead of retreating, and anon the rush of waters is in his soul—he sinks to rise no more. Not unfrequently also, the most experienced swimmers are in an instant arrested by God's providence; their limbs, through too sudden an application of the cold, are stiffened with cramp—their skill avails them nothing, and their panic-stricken companions can afford no succor. Indeed, where there happen to be children, the mixture of alarm and indifference so finely delineated by the great German observer, in the only survivor of his little party, is by no means unusual.

The hallowed stilness of the Sabbath morn, and the hush of its evening hours, have sometimes been fearfully interrupted by the low whisper of dread, passing rapidly from mouth to mouth, until the indistinct murmur has pervaded the whole village. The people are alarmed at they know not what, and every face gathers blackness. Too soon the tidings are confirmed—that the vigorous man or blooming boy is actually drowned. He was alone, and where he sunk is not precisely known; or he was with companions, but the tide was strong, and he was borne along with it beyond their reach or rescue. Then comes an awful interval of suspense—hours must probably elapse before the sad remains of the lost and loved will be recovered. The beautiful river now seems a devouring monster. Poles, nets, hooks, boats, drags—every implement is put in requisition, but in vain; until at length even the grief of the bereaved relations is ab-

sorbed in anxious expectation, and they promise themselves that they will submit without a murmur to the will of God, if the lifeless form of him whom they so fondly love may only be restored to them. Their vows are heard—the water delivers up its precious treasure, not changed and disfigured with ghastly paleness, but retaining in its cold sleep the glow of health and youth. Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets—the daily work of life must be resumed; but watchful parents fail not to inculcate on their young charge, the salutary warnings intended by these solemn exemplifications of the uncertainty of life in its brightest hours, and the necessity of unremitted caution and obedience to parental counsels and directions, whenever they partake of the amusements and dangers of the river. These are some of the remembrances and reflections forcibly suggested by the following tale.

“WE children, having been brought up in a grave old city, had distinct ideas of streets, squares and walls, also of ramparts, parapets and gardens, surrounded with masonry. But once upon a time, to recreate us, or still more, themselves, with an excursion, our parents agreed to fulfil a long delayed purpose of visiting some friends in the country. The plan was formed and a pressing invitation arrived, that the visit should take place at the festival of Pentecost; (the last of May)—this was accepted on one condition, that the whole should be so arranged as to permit the returning home the same night, since to sleep in a strange bed seemed an impossibility. It was indeed rather difficult to crowd so much into one day, as two friends were to be visited, and the demands of both for so rare a favor must be satisfied; but by great punctu-

ality it was hoped that the whole might be accomplished.

Upon the third day of the festival, we were all alert and ready with the dawning ; the carriage arrived at the appointed hour, and the narrow streets and gates, and bridges and burying-grounds of the city, were all soon left behind us. An open, wide-spread world expanded before our inexperience. The verdure of the fields of grain and of the meadows, which had been refreshed by a shower in the night, the darker and lighter shades of the opening buds of the bushes and trees, the dazzling whiteness of the blossoms of the fruit-trees saluting us on every side—all gave a foretaste of the most delightful paradisaic hours.

In due time we arrived at our first stopping place, with a worthy clergyman. We were received in the most friendly manner, and soon perceived that an ecclesiastical festival made no difference with minds seeking tranquillity and freedom. I contemplated rural housekeeping for the first time, with joyful interest. The plough and the harrow, the wagon and carts pointed to immediate utility ; even the manure, so disagreeable to the eye, appeared to be the most indispensable article in the whole enclosure ; it had been carefully collected, and was stored up in such a manner as to be almost ornamental. While eagerly inspecting these novelties of which we understood the use, we were attracted by things that could be enjoyed ; tempting cakes, fresh milk, and many other rural delicacies invited our attentive consideration. Leaving now the little garden around the house and the hospitable arbor, we children hastened to the neighboring orchard, to perform a commission with which a kind-hearted old aunt had entrusted us ; and this was to collect as many cowslips as we could possibly find and carefully carry them back

with us to the city ; for the good old housewife was accustomed to prepare various kinds of wholesome diet-drink with them.

While we were running hither and thither upon this business, along the meadow, the borders and the hedges, a number of children from the village joined our company, and the sweet fragrance of the collected spring flowers, continually became more refreshing and balmy.

By this time, we had gathered such a quantity of stalks and blossoms, that it was more than we could manage ; we then began to pick off the yellow blossom-heads as the especial virtue was in these, and each of us tried to put as many as possible into his hat or cap.

The elder, however, of our new companions, a little in advance of myself in age, and the son of a fisherman, seemed not to enjoy our childish flower-sport. This boy had particularly attracted me at first sight, and I accepted his invitation to accompany him to a stream of considerable breadth, which flowed along at a little distance. We seated ourselves with a couple of angling rods in a shady spot, where many little fish were moving about in the clear, deep, quiet water. He very kindly showed me how to fasten the bait on to the hook, and I was sometimes fortunate enough to whisk out of the water into the air, quite against their will, one after another, of the smallest of these tender creatures. While we were sitting quietly leaning on one another, he grew tired of the sameness, and directed my attention to a flat strip of sand, which stretched out upon the side where we were, into the stream. It was a delightful spot for bathing. He could not, he cried, at length springing up, resist the temptation, and before I was aware, away he was below, undrest, and in the water.

As he was a very good swimmer, he soon left the shallow spot, gave himself up to the current, and came close to me through the deeper water ; I felt strangely. The grasshoppers were skipping around me, the ants were crawling about, the speckled beetles were hanging on the branches, and the shining golden lady birds, as he called them, were skimming and hovering close by my feet like spirits—just then he joyfully held aloft a huge crab, which he had pulled out among the roots, but carefully deposited again in the same place, to be in readiness for future spoil. All around it was so moist and sultry, that one longed to retreat from the sun into the shade, and from the cool shade into the cooler water. Hence it was easy for him to allure me down, and his invitation needed not to be often repeated for me to find it irresistible ; and yet, from a certain fear of my parents, accompanied with an awe of the untried element, I found myself in a very strange agitation. But I was soon undrest and upon the sand, and I softly ventured into the water, though no deeper than the shallow sloping bottom permitted. Here he left me to amuse myself, while he floated away upon the buoyant element ; then again he returned, drew himself out of it, and stood in the clear sunshine to dry. We were soon drest, and highly pleased with one another, we promised to be friends.

Quickly and hastily we arrived at the house, just at the right moment, when the company were proceeding by a most agreeable footpath through bush and forest, on a walk of about an hour and a half, to the residence of the magistrate. My friend accompanied me, we already seemed inseparable ; when however, about half way, I asked permission to take him with me to the magistrate's

habitation; the parson's lady refused, quietly giving me to understand that it would be improper. On the other hand, she gave him an urgent charge; he must say to his father as he returned, that she should depend upon finding at her house when she came home, some of his finest crabs, as she wished to give them to her visitors to carry back to the city as a variety. The boy departed, but promised by hand and mouth, that he would wait for me that evening at the corner of the wood.

The company now soon reached the magistrate's house, where also we found a rural establishment, but of a higher style. The delay of the noon-day meal through the fault of the over-busy housewife, occasioned me no impatience, as I was entertained most agreeably by a walk with her daughter, somewhat younger than myself, who showed me the way and accompanied me into the well kept flower-garden. All sorts of spring flowers stood in beautifully arranged beds, filling them up and decorating their borders. My companion was pretty, fair-complexioned and gentle; we walked together confidentially, soon took one another by the hand and seemed to desire nothing better. In this way we passed along the tulip beds, and the rows of the narcissuses and jonquils; she showed me different places where the most splendid hyacinths had already faded. Care however had been taken for the next year; the clumps of the future ranunculuses and anemones were already green; numerous gillie flowers, carefully trained, insured a variegated blossom; nearer however, the promise of the many flowering lily-stalks, tastefully alternated with roses, was already budding. There was no counting the leaves which announced the honeysuckle, the jasmine, and every kind of clustering, trailing plant for ornament and shade.

It was now twilight, when we again drew near the corner of the wood where my young friend had promised to be in waiting for me. I strained my eyes to the utmost to discover his presence. Not succeeding, I impatiently left the company which was slowly proceeding, and ran hither and thither among the bushes. I called aloud, I was troubled ; he was not to be seen, and he answered not ; for the first time I experienced a passionate disturbance.

But I was soon to be subjected to heavier trial. From the first houses in the place, women were rushing out and screaming, children followed bawling, nobody gave explanation or answer. Sidewards, turning round the corner house, we saw a mourning procession ; it slowly moved through the long street ; it looked like a funeral—but of many ; there was no end to the train and the bearers. The shrieks still continued, they increased—a multitude ran together. ‘They are drowned ! all drowned together !’ ‘They ! who ? which ?’ The mothers who saw their own children around them, seemed comforted. But one man, still graver than the rest, came forward and thus addressed the pastor’s wife ; ‘Unfortunately, I was too long detained away ; Adolphus with four others is drowned, he wished to keep his own promise and mine.’ The man, for it was the fisherman himself, then went on, following the procession, and we stood horror-struck and stupefied. At this moment there came up a little boy holding out a bag, ‘Here are your crabs, Madam parson,’ and high he lifted a sample. We started back as at a monster, but by questioning and examining we learned thus much—this last little boy had remained on the shore and picked up the crabs which the others threw to him from below. We then, after repeat-

ed questioning and cross-questioning, ascertained that Adolphus with two intelligent boys had stood beneath, by and in the water ; two other younger ones had joined them uninvited, and could not be kept back by any threats or chiding. The first had almost past over a strong, dangerous place ; the last followed after, laid hold on them, and pulled them down one after another, until at length those in front and all the rest rolled into the deep. Adolphus, being a good swimmer, would have saved himself, but as all of them in agony hung on to him, he was drawn down. This little one then ran screaming into the village, holding fast in his hands his bag of crabs. The fisherman accidentally returning late, hurried to the place with others who collected at the cries. They had drawn out the children, one after another, and found them dead ; they were now bringing them up.

The minister and my father considerably repaired to the public house ; the full moon had just risen and illuminated the path of death. I followed in passionate grief ; I was not permitted to enter ; my situation was frightful. I ran round the house and could not stand still ; at last I saw my opportunity and sprang in through an open window.

In the large hall, where assemblies of all kinds were holden, lay upon straw the naked, out-stretched, drizzling white bodies of the unfortunates, shining even in the dim lamp light. I threw myself upon the largest, upon my friend. I could not give utterance to my feelings. I wept bitterly and bathed his broad bosom with a flood of tears. I had somewhere heard that rubbing in such cases was beneficial ; I rubbed my tears into him, and deceived myself with the warmth which I created. In my bewilderment, I fancied I could restore his breath by

blowing; but the pearly rows of his teeth were fast shut together, the lips on which our parting kisses still seemed to linger, now refused the slightest sign of return. Despairing of human aid, I betook myself to prayer, I wept, I supplicated; it seemed to me at this moment, as if I might perform a miracle, and call forth the still indwelling spirit, or allure it back again while yet hovering near.

They tore me away; weeping, sobbing I sat in the carriage and scarcely understood what my parents said; our mother, as I often afterwards heard repeated, resigned herself to God's will. I had in the mean time fallen asleep, and awoke late in the morning, confused, and in a strange, bewildered condition."

WHO IS THE EDUCATED MAN?

NO. II.

I HAVE said that a man might be educated, without ever having enjoyed the advantages of schools or colleges. I would repeat and strengthen the assertion. With my views of education as expressed before, I would insist, that a man might obtain a *very useful* part of education, without even ever having seen a book; may be educated in *some respects* as well, if not better, than the generality of educated people *so called*, without being able to read or write. To those, whose views of education are very limited, this assertion may appear strange, and require some explanation. Let me explain a little then.

A person who is gentle, benevolent and kind, willing to think and do for others, while he cheerfully and gladly sacrifices his own selfish convenience, has *a well educated heart*.

Another who is easy and graceful in his "carriage and deportment," attentive and respectful in his treatment of all around him, may be called *well educated in his manners*.

A person's manners and heart and life, may be well, yea, thoroughly educated, without books. A man may be amiable, polite and attentive to all he meets from native goodness of heart; he may be kind and affectionate in all his intercourse with his family, friends and neighbors; he may be firm in his opposition to vice, falsehood and hypocrisy; he may be charitable to all who need his aid; and he may be all this without knowing how "to read, to write, or cipher." Such cases have been. And on the contrary there have lived men of well educated minds, scholars and writers, *professors* of religion, and great politicians, and in manners gentlemen, whose hearts have been full of malice, whose lives have been stained with vice and crime, whose years have been spent without any exertions for the benefit of their species, or for the real improvement of their own immortal selves. What though these latter may have read the thickest tomes, and labored through the most immense and ponderous folio, nay, may have perused every page in the Library of the Vatican, who does not see that the man with high moral principle, with real and not pretended Christian love—the active kindness of heart and life, not of word and profession, is much the *better educated* of the two?

J. R.

GOOD LITTLE VIOLET.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN a beautiful country, far across the great waters, there lived, many years ago, a band of fairies, who were governed by a queen called *Rose*. I cannot tell whether Queen *Rose* was a descendant of Queen *Mab*, that celebrated sovereign of the elfin tribe, but no one could have been more beloved by their own band than was this lovely little queen. She was very fond of flowers, and taught all her fairy train to spend much of their time in the culture of plants and shrubs, and in taking care of delicate buds and blossoms. The little sprites were named for the flowers they loved best; there were *Tulip*, *Lily*, *Dahlia*, *Narcissus*, *Mignonette*, *Amaranth*, and many others, among whom was "*good little Violet*."

Violet was not so very much smaller than her sisters, though she was but a tiny thing; but she was so modest, shrinking and yielding that they called her "*little*" as an appellation implying inferiority; and she was so kind, so obliging, so very serviceable, that they never omitted to call her "*good*."

One bright moonlight evening Queen *Rose* came, with a very sad face, to the little dell which was their favorite haunt. Her wings were drooping, her wand reversed, and its tip, as well as the circlet of miniature gems which glowed upon her brow, were very dim.

Little *Violet* hastened to her queen, and, crouching at her feet, encircled them with her delicate wings. But the queen bade her rise and call her sisters. *Violet* obeyed; she took her wand and blew through it a shrill, clear whistle, which echoed through the glen, and brought

the fairies to their queen. Some came dancing over the smooth green sward, with steps responding to their own chiming notes—some emerged from the thick underwood, like little spirits stealing through the darkness—and some came flying over the tops of the high trees, which surrounded the fairy glen, with their wands raised above their heads, like so many diamond torches, and they dropped into the glen as softly as the autumn leaves flit through the breezy air to the ground.

It was a beautiful sight when they were all there. The round moon shone brightly down into the midst of the glen, and where the shadows of the thick trees made darkness there were bands of fireflies, who ranged themselves in festoons, and hung in brilliant wreaths from the lowest boughs. Some formed themselves into a magnificent rose, and placed themselves like a self-suspended canopy over the head of the queen, and other little groups formed semblances of other flowers, and shone with a quivering brilliancy over the heads of those who had taught them to do this.

When they were all there, Queen Rose advanced to the centre of the circle, and raised her wand, which assumed an unusual brilliancy, and her coronet suddenly emitted a strong pure white blaze. She waved her wings for silence, and the band closed around her, with their wings crossed before them, and their wands reversed in their hands.

And she, the lofty and beautiful one, stood in their midst, like the bright moon when encircled with silvery clouds, or like a glittering rock in the midst of foam wreaths which lave its base. In the silence her clear voice fell upon their ears, like the soft chimes of some far-off bell ; and, while her tone subdued them, her words made them very sad.

She told them that, in this night, she should cease to be their sovereign ; and that they must choose, from their own band, another queen. But she wished them all to separate for one year, and then select her who could bring to them the surest token of superior art or skill. And thus she concluded her sad lay :—

Yon mouldering arch was high and bare,
Where clustering vines are scrambling there—
The lofty trees which circle this vale
Were slender withes on the grassy dale,
When I was crowned the chief of this band,
And made a queen of fairy land.
To-night we part, and moonlight will come,
To bathe in brightness our lonely home ;
Far, far away, each fairy must go,
To the land of drought, or the land of snow,
Or wheresoever she chooses to roam ;
But forget not ever the deserted home.
And when again this band shall meet,
To live once more in concord sweet,
Then she, whose time has been spent the best,
Shall be chosen the queen of all the rest ;
She, who the noblest trophy shall bring,
Shall take my place in the fairy ring.
Now, sisters, away ! for the moon grows pale,
Away, away from the elfin vale—
Twelve times that moon shall wax and wane
Ere on this spot we meet again.

When the queen stopped, she laid aside her wand and crown, which ceased to shine, and her bright robe paled in its lustre. Yet all the fairies obeyed her, except little Violet, who nestled at her feet, and waving an adieu with their wings, they departed singing,

Twelve times that moon shall wax and wane,
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H. F.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION.

A MEETING of this Association was holden at the vestry of Dr. Lowell's church, on Monday evening, April 15th. The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Bartol, who presided during the evening. After the reading of the records of the last meeting and the call of the roll, the following question was presented for discussion: "What is the best method of conducting the general exercises of the Sunday School?"

Mr. Lewis G. Pray considered the question one of great importance, and having been instrumental in proposing it to the attention of the teachers, he felt an obligation to open the discussion. He wished to make all the exercises of the Sunday School interesting to children. He had heard of a little girl, who, when told that Heaven was an eternal Sabbath, said that she hoped she should never go there. He wished to have children receive a different impression from this. Religion must be presented to them in the most simple, natural, unaffected, pleasing, cheerful, and affectionate manner. Solemnity, seriousness and sadness will come soon enough, from change in age, change in the condition and all the circumstances of their future life; and then, if religion has been presented to them when young in a cheerful manner, they will seek it as their highest and best good. Mr. P. then spoke of the plan which has been pursued in his Sunday School for twelve years, and for which he expressed a decided preference. The children, at the appointed time for commencement, are requested to open their Hymn Books, and the Superintendent alludes to the subject of the hymn chosen, in some appropriate remarks adapted to their comprehension. Then all join in singing the hymn with the spirit as well as with the voice. This gains their attention to the general lesson which succeeds. Their minds are now sufficiently solemnized to join with feeling in the Lord's prayer. The class lessons are now attended to, and the services are closed by singing a hymn. Mr. P. considered this the best course, because it presented interest and variety, and far from being wearisome to the children, it had ever gained their constant and undivided attention. He supposed little difference to exist on this subject except in regard to prayer. What mode will best

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secure the attention of the child, and leave a strong impression on its mind, so that it shall pray itself, and catch the spirit of devotion? It is customary in the Sabbath Schools of the country for the minister to open the services with prayer, in which the children do not take a part. They listen perhaps, but the language used, differs little from that of the pulpit, and they cannot understand it. The most general mode in the city is for the Superintendent to make an extemporaneous prayer in short sentences, to say the Lord's prayer, or read one from a book, and have the children respond. Which method is best calculated to arrest the attention of children? If we could see the operations of the mind under the different modes, we might easily form our conclusion. Being precluded from this privilege, we must refer to our own consciousness of the effect of prayer upon our own minds when young. Mr. P. could not recall the slightest impressions of any prayer which he had heard from the pulpit in his youth. We know that it is often difficult even for men who have given attention to business during the week, to follow with their hearts the prayers of the sanctuary. How much more difficult must it be for children to give earnest attention, and pray with feeling, when they do not respond to the prayers of pastors or superintendents in the Sunday School. The responsive mode calls into action their senses. The memory, the eye, and the ear, all aid to fix the attention of the child. Another reason in favor of this mode is that that prayer is always the best for every human being which is uttered vocally by himself. This is owing to a law of the mind. When silently engaged in devotion, the intellect only is used; when the vocal utterance is added, thought and feeling go together. For these several reasons, Mr. P. thought the responsive mode best calculated to make the child pray itself and to leave devotional sentiments deeply and permanently impressed on its mind.

Mr. Wm. D. Coolidge, Superintendent of Dr. Lowell's Sunday School, gave an account of the course which he pursued, which, with few exceptions, is similar to Mr. Pray's. He spoke of a feature which, we believe, is original with this school, and which might be adopted with usefulness in all. We mean *written exercises* by the children. Those who feel disposed, write abstracts of the sermon, of the general lesson, or of the lesson given by their teachers, and bring them on the succeeding

Sabbath for the perusal of the Superintendent and their pastors or teachers. These always afford Mr. C. much satisfaction, and furnish a kind of index to the spiritual progress and to the minds of the children. He gave a most pleasing illustration of this remark. One Sabbath during the last summer, Dr. Lowell gave a lesson on the goodness of God in sending the rain to refresh the earth. On the next Sabbath, a little girl of five years brought to him her exercise book, containing in two lines of simple yet beautiful language the whole sentiment of the lesson: "And the earth was very dry and parched, and God sent the beautiful rain to water it."

Mr. Adams, of the Divinity School, spoke of the inattention so prevalent in the sanctuary as owing to the habits formed in youth in our Sunday Schools. There is a sad deficiency in the general exercises and devotions of the schools in the country. If we can teach children to pray themselves, we do much good. There are arguments for all forms of devotion. The most important thing is to have the prayer adapted to the wants and minds of children. If it comes down to their capacities, and expresses, in a proper manner, their real wants which they wish to be granted by their Father in Heaven, then the true object will be gained.

Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, next addressed the meeting in a very interesting manner. From experience and observation, he had come to several conclusions. In all the exercises of Sunday Schools, regard must be given to the fact that they are composed principally of children. Children are different from men. They have not had experience, and they need religious instruction presented in a different form. The exercises of Sunday Schools should be short and various, and they will interest them. Changing his practice from time to time, Mr. P. had come at last to pursue the following course. The services are commenced by singing a hymn. Then follow selections from Scripture of a preceptive nature, all having reference to one general subject, and inculcating one leading idea. This is read by the Superintendent and the children in alternation. A short hymn relating to the same subject is then sung: the general lesson is then introduced, illustrating the general topic, and occupying never more than ten minutes, time enough to impress one thought, which is enough for one lesson. This

being done, the prayer of the day succeeds; having particular reference to that one thought. Each passage in the prayer being repeated by the children, they feel it to be their own. In this way, the prayers of the Sunday School are fixed in their memories, and will exert a sanctifying influence on their whole lives. The lesson of the day is the most appropriate preparation for the prayer. After the prayer, the class lessons are attended to. The Lord's prayer is then repeated by all, a hymn is sung, and the exercises are closed by a benediction. Half an hour only is occupied by the class lessons, and all the exercises are included within an hour and a quarter. Their number and variety contribute to interest the children in them. Every part of the service relates to one topic, and to make the scene perfect, the class lessons all refer to the same subject, and illustrate one leading idea, which is work enough for one Sabbath. A great fault with many of our exercises is, that they are too desultory, and leave no strong impression on the mind. Children are beginners, and we must not try to teach them abstract ideas, but to make all our instructions elementary and simple. The Sunday School teacher should also be serious in his teachings. Serious instructions will leave a deeper impression on the minds of children than is apparent to the teacher at the time. During twelve years, Mr. Phillips said, that only two pupils had died who were connected with his school. One of these, whom he did not suppose to feel much interest in the school, was possessed of a large degree of gaiety and volatility. But yet she had a good nature, and under the influence of the Sunday School, that nature developed itself in that period which tests the effects of all Sunday School teaching. On her death-bed, her most serious request was, that she might hear the Superintendent of her Sunday School repeat a lesson which she had heard three years before. Although he did not suppose at the time that his lesson had at all affected her, yet it had left a lasting impression on her mind.

The meeting was closed at about ten o'clock with singing the Dismission Hymn, and with a benediction from Rev. Mr. Bartol.

Other interesting remarks were made by Messrs. Merrill, Lincoln, Channing, and Bayley, for which we have not room. Like the previous meetings, this was a very interesting and useful one to all teachers and friends of Sunday Schools. T. G.